felt a strange obligation toward the unemployed. I had joined them on a momentary impulse to help them with their petition. That had seemed easy and not binding on me. But now I had around me people who believed they needed me, and I could not quit. What I did was essentially labor welfare work, but somehow it kept me chained to the revolutionary movement.

I once tried to explain this to Lenin. He seemed interested, amused, and incredulous.

IN THE DEPORTATION PRISON

My work was suddenly interrupted. The prosecuting attorney summoned me to his office and handed me an order of the circuit court to deliver me to the Novgorod Detention House in expectation of trial for having advocated the overthrow of the government in November, 1905.

In the deportation prison I was locked in a dark cell, about two and a half by one and a half yards, with no furniture other than a narrow cot. Light penetrated into the cell through a low, narrow grilled door that opened onto a long corridor. A vague sound of voices came from behind the grille. From a low whisper they gradually became louder and louder, until a barking command interrupted them.

"Silence! Prisoners are not permitted to talk."

After a brief spell of silence, whispers started again, then voices began to rise. I stood at the door listening. A voice quite close to me asked:

"A new arrival? Do you hear me?"

"I do."

The voice came from the cell at my right. The speaker and I were two steps apart but we could not see each other. He asked when I had been sentenced and under what articles of law. When I told him he remarked, "That is strange. You do not belong here. Everyone here has been sentenced to the gallows. Report at the inspection round. They will transfer you." However, when the inspection round passed through the corridor, I did not report to the officer.

That night my neighbor called to me again, "New arrival, who are you?"

I told him about the Council of the Unemployed.

"I am from the Putilov works," he said. "You know the place? Are our folks in the Council?"

He told me his story. His name was Jacob and he was a welder by trade. He did not belong to any party but had walked out with the